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The Sketch

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GREEK SAILOR PRINCE.

H.R.H. PRINCE PHILIP OF GREECE *is the only son of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, and is a nephew of Viscount Mountbatten (formerly Lord Louis Mountbatten), our great naval commander and former Chief of Combined Operations and Supreme Commander of S.E.A.C. He was born in 1921, and during the war was an officer in the Royal Navy. He served with the Mediterranean Fleet and was mentioned in despatches. He is a cousin of the King, and is also a cousin of King George of the Hellenes, and is in the line of succession to the Greek throne.*

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Sleeper Awakes. I almost begin to feel that the world is at peace again when I look back over this summer and reflect that, in spite of every caddish trick of the weather, cricket has not only revived but has been a box-office draw. Those members of the public who have not been watching games and following their favourites for the county championship have had their hands full choosing the Test Team; and, for once, they do not seem to have disagreed so violently with the selectors as I have known them do. I find it, too, a sign of peace that "Wisden" reappears. I never see "Wisden" without opening it, and I never open it without getting surprises.

"You can be Major Frimby's mahout some other time, darling."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

The Daddy of Them All. For example, if I had been told without the book, I should have laughed at the idea that C. P. Mead made more runs in a cricket life of thirty years than W. G. Grace in over forty years (1865-1908). "The Doctor" we are always ready to regard as the Daddy of Them All, and yet as a scorer he comes, with a total of nearly 55,000, only fifth in the honours list of great run-getters, being overtopped by Hobbs, Woolley, Hendren and Mead, none of whom played the game as long as the Old Man. He made 126 centuries during his career, and this is exceeded by six modern players—the four already mentioned, together with Sutcliffe and Hammond. The Doctor's average was the comparatively low one of 39·55, which has been beaten by no fewer than thirteen of his successors. The highest of all, of course, is Hammond's—55·65 between 1920 and 1945, with many more to come, as we all hope; even the one and only Hobbs, with his astronomical aggregate of 61,221 runs in twenty-nine years, had an average of 50·63. But none of this detracts from the Doctor's real prowess, for we all know that the wickets of his time were not the artificial "batsman's wickets" of to-day, and centuries were hard-earned on the turf of those less-sophisticated days.

The Click of the Cliché. But I must not bore you with cricket records and figures and reminiscences, which you may regard as the last infirmity of noble minds, or even of minds less than noble. Though it is many years since I played cricket (wholly without distinction, I regret to say), I confess to a weakness not only for watching it but for reading about it. But I must admit that writers on cricket frequently irritate me beyond endurance. I do not know any class of scribes so utterly in thrall to the *cliché*. It seems almost impossible for them to refer to a good bowler without calling him "great-hearted," or to a good ball without saying that it "fizzed off the pitch," or to a widely-spread field without calling it "far-flung." When I see the expression "a captain's innings," I want to scream. But perhaps their most tiresome trick is referring to every player by his Christian name or his nickname, as if he were a lifelong friend. When they are not doing this kind of thing, they are apt to go all literary, which is very painful for everybody concerned. No, I do not admire them as a school of writers—but I have to admit that I go on reading them!

The Style is the Man? In this matter of style, one does get shocks from time to time. The biggest one I have had lately is in an article by Mr. J. B. Priestley, where I read the following sentence: "But a people can have a change of mood, can suddenly begin to react differently, and that is what happened *to we British* during the war." (The italics are mine.) Now, I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Priestley actually wrote, or even dictated, that. I cannot think that he, an essayist and *littèrateur* as well as a novelist, is in the habit of saying, "As we were walking down the street, a curious thing happened to we." Then what is the explanation? The too-intelligent sub-editor or the too-knowing compositor? Let me not say anything disrespectful about those masters of their crafts, for I, like all scribblers, am as clay in their hands. Once and again we are greatly indebted to them for saving us from ourselves—but occasionally they kill us with kindness. I imagine that that is what happened to Mr. Priestley—anyhow, I should prefer to think so.

"But now we 're married, Susan, we 've simply got to get reconciled to a monotonous, hum-drum daily round."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Too Young at 100. Certainly any of us may sin in this regard, for they say that nobody is ever quite accurate in English grammar, even after a lifetime's study and practice. Obviously a lifetime is inadequate for this and for many other difficult human arts, and Mr. Bernard Shaw tells us, at the age of ninety (as he told us twenty-five years ago), that 300 years is the minimum time in which to grow wise. Recently, during a period of enforced leisure, I have been going Back to Methuselah and trying to get

a clearer picture of Mr. Shaw's theory of longevity and Creative Evolution. It is not easy to do so, because his own chief exposition of it, "Methuselah," begins nobly and then seems to me to degenerate into sheer knockabout. But what astonishes me is the huge assumption that men learn by experience and every day in every way grow wiser and wiser. Does Mr. Shaw really think that if all the representatives of the nations at Paris were (say) 250 years old, they would be five or six times as sensible as they are (which, even so, would not be half sensible enough)? I wish I could think so, but something more than mere length of days seems necessary to make men reasonable, and until that something happens, the thought of the Mean Sensual Man living to 300 frankly appals me.

Angels and Ministries of Grace.

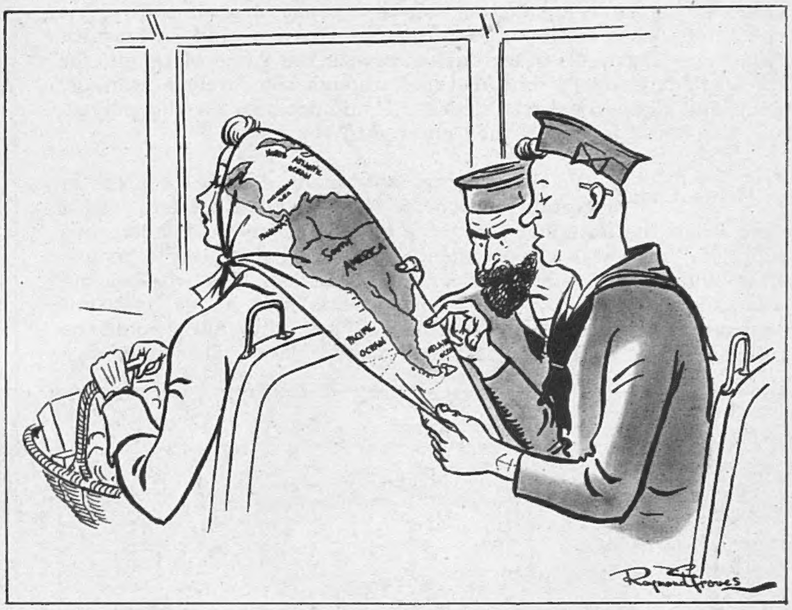
Another possibility perturbs me. I noticed in "Back to Methuselah" that when man first reached his 300, he seemed to have invented for himself a bewildering number of Ministries. What he will do at the age of a thousand I tremble to think, because even at his present poor three-score or even four-score and ten, he seems to be doing wonders in this aspect of the Good Life. A newspaper recently tried to find out what (if any) branch of government took responsibility for the Squatterisation of Britain. The Ministry of Health was "concerned only with the housing side of the problem and could not say which sites would be reclaimed by other departments." The Ministry of Works was "endeavouring to get the information." The Ministry of Labour washed its hands, and so did the Ministry of Fuel and Power. The War Office's lips were sealed, the Home Office regretted that it could give no information, the Ministry of Agriculture was in no way concerned, and the Ministry of Education, while needing some of the sites for training, could not say how many had been "jumped."

Round and Round.

And so the merry game goes on, the essence of it being that it is not you but the other fellow who is responsible, so that in the end nobody is responsible. The boys of a school want some table-tennis balls, and apply to the county Education Committee for a permit. The Committee, after a suitable delay, refers the application to the Board of Trade, which replies that it is a matter for the Ministry of Education, which replies that the application must be submitted to the county Education Committee. So the ball is bounced back to its starting-point, and meanwhile it is learned that anyhow ping-pong balls are being manufactured for export only! The upshot is that parents, who probably have not played ping-pong since the early days when it was the Great Parlour Scourge, dig out a few dented balls from cupboards and dark corners. It is little wonder that the National Union of Manufacturers say that at least 10 per cent. of its clerical labour is engaged in form-filling. When Methuselah reaches his thousand, it will be 100%, and I wonder whether Mr. Shaw will consider that the consummation of human wisdom?

Too Sacred for Jest.

But perhaps I ought not to say these things, even in a spirit of levity; indeed, the more frivolous they are, the more likely they are, it seems, to involve me in a prosecution for high treason or "causing disaffection." I notice that a Junior Minister, justifying recent threats to the freedom of the Press, complains bitterly not only of "distortion," but of "little bits slipped in here and there sometimes in the humorist column, all little digs at the Government." That sort of thing, he says, "might be funny if they looked at it that way, but it was calculated to create an impression that there must be something wrong with the Government after all." What, actually *making fun* of powers that be? Shocking! Intolerable! And yet one would have supposed that it is precisely the right to poke fun which makes the difference between a democratic and a despotic country. In America, a play can be put on, with enormous success, satirising the Administration and the White House, and the President goes to see it and thoroughly enjoys himself. There have been few ages in this so-called free country when the satirist has not been allowed "as large a charter as the wind"; and there certainly can have been none when politicians were so resentful of criticism and ridicule as they seem to be to-day. Can it possibly be that the cap fits?



Operation Scarf!

DRAWN BY RAYMOND GROVES.

"You wouldn't think a gentleman who *was* a gentleman would do such an ungentlemanly thing, would you, Maureen?"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Singles.

To revert to the subject—fascinating or depressing, according to the point of view—of human wisdom, I wonder whether Methuselah was a good husband and father, and whether matrimony (now rather wobbly)

[Continued overleaf.

will be stabilised when everybody lives to 300? A leading light of the Marriage Guidance Council has recently compared marriage to a game of tennis, because " one of the partners should not play to someone in another court." True enough, because that sort of game may lead to exhausting sets in a court of a quite different character—it is called the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. I can see other analogies with the game of tennis, for the score in marriage is sometimes, though too rarely nowadays, love, and it is sometimes deuce. It all depends on the players and the spirit in which they enter into the game.

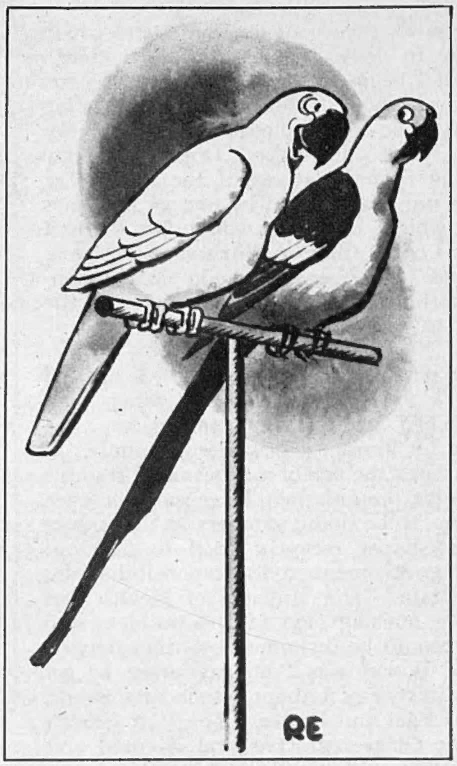
Home Chat. We do seem to have made a little progress in certain aspects of holy wedlock. There was a time when the Common Law of England recognised a husband's right of " moderate chastisement "; but the other day a magistrate bluntly told a husband of the old school that wife-beating was definitely out of date. Nothing was said about husband-beating, but there is reason to think that this also would be frowned upon by our enlightened modern law. The right way

" No, dear, you can't hear the people talking in the next pre-fab. They 're away. What you hear is the lot next door but one."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

to settle a matrimonial difference is to " say it with flowers "—at all events, this seems to have been the opinion of many husbands on active service, for the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association reports that during the war it multiplied its business by ten. Who said that war had a brutalising influence? These gentle manners, however, are not universal, for the Queen Mothers of Asogli State (which is part, as you know, of Togoland, and of course you know where *that* is) have recently protested against the practice of buying a wife for 12s. and a bottle of rum. They call this " marital despotism." Perhaps it is, but if, as the Scripture says, the price of a good woman is far above rubies—well, it is an interesting question how a bottle of rum compares with a ruby in scarcity value.

Wonderful World. Mowgli (not to mention Tarzan) has come to life in the Arabian desert, in the person of a Gazelle Boy who can run 50 miles an hour. They are going to civilise him, but perhaps, like Huckleberry Finn, he will decide that he doesn't want to be " siverlized: I been there before." Simultaneously, a fox-terrier in Royston is saying, every time biscuits or other delicacies appear on the table, " I want one." It says this, according to reports, in clear and firm tones. Balaam did not keep a dog, so far as history records, but if he did, the animal must have been an interesting conversationalist.—Women prisoners in future are to be allowed lipstick, powder and face cream, bought out of their prison earnings. The authorities are of opinion that without this moral support they cannot recover their self-respect. I wonder what the Queen Mothers of Asogli would say to that?—*À propos* of queens, a right royal bee specially imported from America produces 40 lbs. of honey, while her English rival produces only 20 lbs. A hustler? Ah, but the English bee lives twice as long (six years)! An international parable?



" . . . and then he stubbed his toe on a chair and I learnt two more words."

DRAWN BY RICK ELMES.

" And now, owing to a technical hitch in our Television, we bring to the microphone one who loses nothing by not being seen! "

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

The one-hundred-and-fiftieth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

BRITISH DESCENDANT OF THE ROMANOVS WITH HER FIANCÉ.

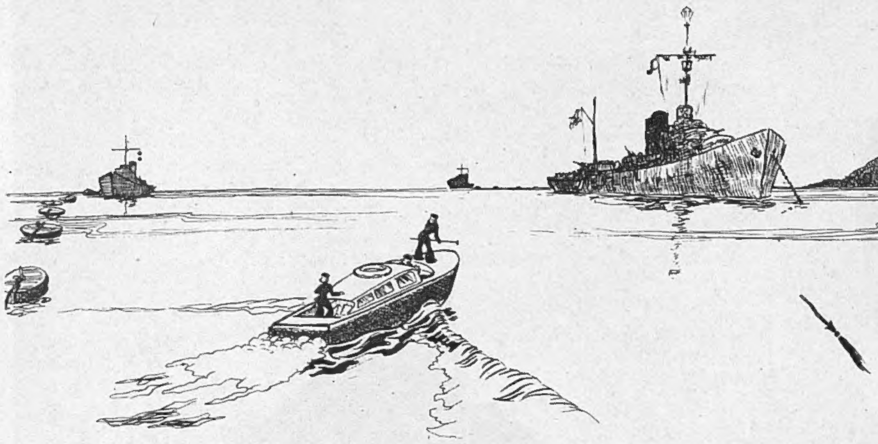
MISS MYRA WERNHER, *younger daughter of Major-General Sir Harold Wernher, K.C.V.O., and Lady Zia Wernher, O.B.E., is engaged to* MAJOR DAVID BUTTER, M.C., *Scots Guards, son of the late Colonel Charles Butter, O.B.E., of Pitlochry. Miss Wernher is a descendant of the House of Romanov, as her grandfather was the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, uncle of the last Czar of All the Russias. After the Russian revolution of 1917, Lady Zia Wernher (formerly Countess Zia Torby) and her sister, Countess Nada Torby (now Marchioness of Milford Haven), were raised to the title and style of Earl's daughters.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

BELL BOTTOM.

POEM AND DRAWINGS

By J. E. BROOME.



A Frigate away across the Flow
Which passed through the Boom an hour ago.

"Coxswain of Motor-boat Number 2."
That 's me.
"Now listen to what you are to do."
I see.

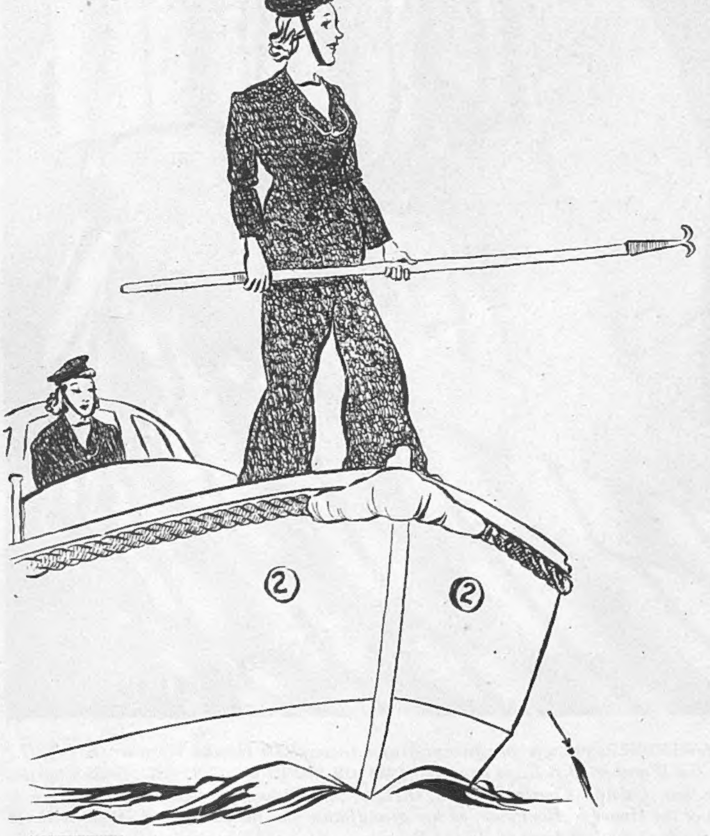
We leave the Jetty in Number 2.
Pull up with stores to be taken to
A Frigate away across the Flow
Which passed through the Boom an hour ago.

There 's Pam and Jacqueline and me,
A very distinguished crew of three,
So proud of Motor-boat Number 2
And all the things that she has to do.

We wash her paintwork day and night
And strive to keep her brass-work bright.
We don't mind missing our tea or sup,
We 're bored to sobs when the boat 's laid up.

We laugh when Jacqueline gets staid
And says she misses her lady's maid.
Or Pam, with seaboots full of holes,
Says "These wouldn't do for scrubbing our Rolls."

Sometimes we note their pungent breath,
Sometimes we 're all three scared to death.



Then, as we close her from the Quarter
She shivers and perks up in the water.

Sometimes we have to take some drunks
From the shore to the ships which hold their bunks.
Sometimes we note their pungent breath,
Sometimes we 're all three scared to death.

Sometimes we take a noisy crew,
And I shout, "Keep quiet," and, Ye Gods—they do!
Sometimes they murmur, "Thank you, Miss,"
Sometimes they shout "Hey! Where 's my kiss?"

But now we 're right across the Flow
Near the ship that entered an hour ago.
How drab she looks, how the rust shows through.
I bet they 're tired, those chaps, don't you?

Then, as we close her from the Quarter
She shivers and perks up in the water.
One man appears, now three, now five,
Then more and more—a swarm, a hive.

A row of bearded, grinning faces,
A "Hiya, Toots, what 's in them cases?"
A "Tie it up and come and see
"How kippers *can* be cooked for Tea!"

And that 's the moment we could cry
With ease, Pam, Jacqueline and I,
For it isn't the stores that has got 'em
But three little girls in "Bell Bottom."

This poem and these drawings are from the book "Services Wrendered," by J. E. Broome, to be published shortly by Sampson Low. (Copyright reserved.)

Henrietta is on holiday. She will resume her letters on her return.

SCOTTISH SEASON AGAIN: THE PERTH HUNT BALL.

MR. ALISTAIR BOYD, LADY HERMIONE STUART, *daughter of the Earl of Moray,* MISS SHEENA McINTOSH, MISS URSULA LEWIS *and* MISS ANN HUNTER *were members of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's house-party at Seggieden for the Perth Hunt Ball.*

THE PERTH HUNT BALL, one of the most popular of the classic events of the Scottish season, was revived this year. Held in the County Buildings, Perth, as always, it was attended by some five hundred guests, and featured the picturesque splendour of men in Highland dress and girls with their clan tartan scarves draped across their dance dresses. Reels, naturally, figured prominently in the programme and were danced with skill and vigour.

This group of young people consists of MR. PHILIP BRIANT, *the* HON. ANN CHOLMONDELEY, VISCOUNT STORMONT, *son of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and* MISS CHERIE DRUMMOND.

MISS JUNE DIXON, MRS. DONALD LIDDELL, MRS. BARCLAY-BOOM, *and* MISS CYNTHIA LEEFE *faced the camera with smiles at the Perth Hunt Ball, revived in all its splendour this year.*

Pictorial value of Highland dress is well illustrated by this group which consists of MAJOR MICHAEL NAIRN, CAPTAIN D. MONCREIFFE, MRS. G. C. STEWART-STEVENS, *the* EARL OF BREADALBANE *and* MAJOR STEWART-STEVENS.

The old-fashioned programme, complete with pencil, was a feature of the Perth Hunt Ball. MR. BALFOUR-PAUL, MRS. FRANCIS UPTON, MR. DERICK ALDRIDGE *and* MRS. R. ORR *are busy booking up dances.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

BALLETOMANES can never be more than welcome guests at Covent Garden, and September 6, 1946, should really be considered to have marked the final liberation of this great theatre from the shifts and expedients of the last seven years. For when the house lights went down on that evening, and Maestro Capuano took his place in the orchestra pit, Covent Garden resumed its function as an opera house—as, indeed, the Royal Opera House of London. The excellent San Carlo company of Naples is, of course, no stranger to English audiences, even though it has never before visited London. This company's performances of favourite operas by Verdi, Puccini and Rossini are familiar to many thousands of British Servicemen; and one can only rejoice that they are now beginning a short tour of duty (if I may adopt this appropriate military phrase) in London. Convinced opera-lovers will need no encouragement to attend performances in which all the vigour, warmth and ease of Mediterranean singing and miming are once again accessible to English eyes and ears. Novices and sceptics may count upon a rapid conversion. Like timid bathers surprised by a great sea, they will be agreeably knocked backwards by the great tidal surge of "Rigoletto" or "La Tosca"; and in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" they will meet with a rapidity of wit such as has been absent from our spoken stage for nearly three centuries.

"But for the Grace of God," at the St. James's. "I make a sincere endeavour to keep out some of the cold, some of the damp, and some of the fog of this blasted summer." Charles (A. E. MATTHEWS) *explains his shawl to Emily* (MARY JERROLD).

The conventions of opera seem to have leaked over into the text of M. Jean Cocteau's "THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS," now running in Mr. Duncan's adaptation at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In the last twenty years Cocteau has tried nearly everything in literature, but in this new play he needs, I think, a Verdi or a Puccini to lift its absurdities above the reach of rational comment. Failing their intervention, however, Miss Eileen Herlie does a great deal to reconcile us to this romance of a widowed queen in love with the idea of death. Her part includes many passages which call for bravura acting in the style of a vanished age; and she meets these demands with a glorious amplitude of physical and emotional means. If it is unlikely that any other actress would undertake such a part, it is quite certain that nobody else could make so great a success of it. Mr. Duncan has faithfully turned French verbiage into English verbiage, and in the love passages (Mr. James Donald gave good support here, though he appeared pardonably stunned by much of the proceedings) Miss Herlie is at once massive and affecting. But what a good play could have been made of her combat with her duplicious minister! Here, for once, is a stage queen whom one could imagine as potentially a great ruler; but, no—M. Cocteau couldn't bear to part with the idea of death as the desired bridegroom of young widows.

What are your favourite dramatic clichés? Whatever they are, you will find them all in Miss Franken's "SOLDIER'S WIFE," at the Duchess. In a programme note, the author of "Claudia" displays a well-founded modesty about her gifts as a dramatist; and in this case the muse of the nappy has peeped over her shoulder just once too often. There is a serious subject in this play, but it is so deeply and damply overlaid with false and priggish sentiment that such good players as Miss Diana Churchill, Mr. Julian Dallas and Miss Joan Marion are wasted upon it. Mr. Ronald Ward walked into this museum of twentieth-century boredom, and for a few minutes made most welcome fun of the exhibits; but in the end he, too, had to step behind the bars.

"Don't step on to the balcony, Dad—the bottom 's fallen out." This commonplace of Bloomsbury conversation is the key to Mr. James Parish's "MESSAGE FOR MARGARET," at the Westminster. We men come off badly in this play. Of course, it couldn't begin without Mr. Edgar Norfolk to act (and very nicely, too) the part of confidant to the heroine; and it couldn't have ended so well and so movingly if Mr. Jack Allen hadn't taken a header from the fourth floor. But the play isn't really about defenestration in Russell Square; and these two capital actors are there mainly to hold the ring for the two formidable women antagonists — Miss Flora Robson as the grieving wife, and Miss Barbara Couper as the grieving mistress. Miss Couper deserves much of the credit for the powerful impact of this play; few actresses could so well suggest a restless, detached intelligence bent upon prising open another person's happiness, at no matter what cost to her own. Miss Robson excels even her own record of atrocious poignance in the scenes where she changes in a moment from the baffled doe to the unleashed tigress; and altogether this is a very exciting evening — the best new play, in my opinion, of the year.

"But for the Grace of God": "Don't you know the name of the girl you are going to marry?" Mary (YVONNE OWEN), *Richard* (ROBERT DOUGLAS), *Inspector Rayle* (J. H. ROBERTS), *and Geoffrey Wainwright* (HUGH McDERMOTT).

"But for the Grace of God": YVONNE OWEN *and* ROBERT DOUGLAS *as Mary and Richard, leading characters in Frederick Lonsdale's comedy.*

At the St. James's, you can admire an old master at work. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale does make a few concessions to contemporary history, but basically his "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" is vintage Edwardian melodrama. The plot doesn't really count for much, though a performance of haunting brilliance by Mr. Michael Gough might suggest otherwise; what matters is that in this standard lounge-hall (staircase, right; dining-room door, centre; French windows, left), half a dozen of our best players can sit at their ease and lob Mr. Lonsdale's lines across the footlights. Nobody can beat Miss Mary Jerrold, Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. H. G. Stoker, Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Stuart Lindsell at this game. As a wartime triangle, Miss Yvonne Owen, Mr. Robert Douglas and Mr. Hugh McDermott tried hard to interest us in Mr. Lonsdale's not very moral moral, which was—that if a wife is attractive enough, her husband will put up with anything.

The International Ballet season at the Coliseum sets a creditably high standard in choosing to mount Milton's "COMUS" in its entirety; but this is no light undertaking, and for lack of good judgment in the choice of its accessories, the total effect is tedious and garish. This company has, however, its own contribution to make to ballet history, and some of its shorter creations are worth going to see.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). "SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors). "BIG BEN" (Adelphi).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric). "GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo). "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (Globe). "PICK-UP GIRL" (Prince of Wales). "DEAR MURDERER" (Aldwych). "THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville). "SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace). "CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's). "FOOLS RUSH IN" (Fortune). "THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS" (Lyric, Hammersmith). "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" (St. James's). "MESSAGE FOR MARGARET" (Westminster). INTERNATIONAL BALLET (Coliseum). THE C.M.F. SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY (Covent Garden). "THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA" (Sadler's Wells).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IF you have a jaded film appetite from a surfeit of vapid, machine-made nonsense, there are two films to be seen in London this week that can hardly fail to restore your faith in the cinema as an adventurous medium that has still to be fully explored. There is "IVAN THE TERRIBLE," at the Tatler, and "CHILDREN ON TRIAL," at the Academy. "Ivan the Terrible" is the first film to be made by that master of the screen, Eisenstein, since he directed "Alexander Nevsky" before the war. It is the first episode in what was planned as a great tragic trilogy, but which is, I understand, to be completed now in two parts.

He has taken as his protagonists the embodiment of the mighty forces flashing round the birth of Russia as a European State, and has shown Ivan, as the introductory title explains, as "the Man who in the sixteenth century first united our country: the Prince of Muscovy who, out of separate, discordant, and autonomous principalities created a unified, mighty state." Does that sound dull? Take my word for it; it is nothing of the sort. Eisenstein is never dull. It is high drama, great tragedy, over which you can almost physically *feel* the shadow of Fate.

Photographed by Tisse, and with majestic music specially composed for the film by Prokofiev, the whole production is a rich tapestry of pictorial delight. It is not, perhaps, "entertainment" as Hollywood understands it, but I don't think anyone who cares even a little for the artistic side of films could honestly say after seeing "Ivan the Terrible" that it had been a waste of time. Every shot, every character, every piece of pictorial composition, is an experience not easily forgotten and there is one scene, in which Ivan, crouching in the cathedral beside the bier of his dead wife, chanting his heartbreak through magnificent passages from the Bible, that touches heights the cinema does not often nor easily attain. "Ivan the Terrible" is not everyone's film; but it is a film that everyone should see who needs to restore a faith in the cinema that so many films of late years have done so much to shake.

"CHILDREN ON TRIAL," made by the late Crown Film Unit, is another sort of film altogether. It is a superb example of that much-abused word, "documentary." Directed by Jack Lee, it is an honest, authoritative, and often moving account of how the Children's Courts and Approved Schools are tackling the grave and growing problem of juvenile delinquency. The director has taken two young people, one boy and one girl, and has traced their histories through their crimes to their passage through the schools, to their eventual regeneration.

It is no fanciful story. The boy, for instance, is an actual boy who, to-day, is an honest citizen earning an honest living. The film was shot largely in actual schools—the Liverpool Farm School, in particular—and the Headmaster, Mr. John Vardy, is the actual headmaster of this school, reproducing on the screen his job in real life. It would be difficult to praise this little film too highly. It is played superbly by boys from Liverpool and Birmingham, and there is a delicacy and understanding about the whole thing that makes it far more moving and entertaining than many a pretentious first feature full of legs and cuties and Technicolor sunsets. I cannot imagine any audience that would not be interested, amused and touched by this film. Perhaps, after their experience of the way audiences received "The Way We Live," exhibitors will think so too, and allow a wide public to see and enjoy a film that is different.

"Centennial Summer" (Tivoli and New Gallery.) Deborah (KATHLEEN HOWARD), *Julia* (JEANNE CRAIN), *Edith* (LINDA DARNELL), *Harriet* (DOROTHY GISH), *and the twins, Susanna* (BARBARA WHITING) *and Dudley* (BUDDY SWAN) *as Young America 1876, giving one of Jerome Kern's song-hits of the new 20th Century-Fox picture.*

That very remarkable little actress Dorothy Maguire, whom it is my delight to follow in every film she makes, turns up at the Odeon in a sequel to "Claudia," called "CLAUDIA AND DAVID." This latest piece of Rose Franken's is little more than a fortuitous collection of incidents in the life of a young married couple, strung together on the slimmest thread of narrative to give Miss Maguire and Robert Young a chance to show their talents. The young woman goes shopping, a child gets measles, a good-looking neighbour is neighbourly, the neighbour's wife is jealous, there are reproaches and reconciliations, breakfasts and dinners; nothing of any consequence; but every detail in the trivial round is beautifully observed, precise and meticulous.

There is no great art in "Claudia and David," for the occasion is too small, but in the minor art of faithfully reflecting human behaviour it excels. Nor is that quite all, for Miss Maguire has a sort of comfortable enchantment about her that is given to few screen actresses, so that her touch never fails; and all the young women she plays, whether this Claudia, or the dumb girl in "The Spiral Staircase," or the drab little heroine of "The Enchanted Cottage," are splendidly warmed and illumined by the special quality of her radiance.

Since "LONDON TOWN" is breaking all records at the Leicester Square, and has even had to find a second theatre—the Odeon, Marble Arch—as a kind of annexe for the crowds, it is plain that it can disconcert nobody if I say that, in my opinion, this British Technicolor musical is an exceedingly unattractive film.

The one solid merit of "London Town" is that it gives Sid Field, probably the most startling comic talent discovered in Britain in the last fifteen years, a chance to present his most popular stage turns before a larger audience. This is an excellent beginning, but unfortunately something else has to be added in order to make a picture. What they have added to Mr. Field's confident and confiding intimacies of Cockney humour is a vast and

"Spectre of the Rose" (Astoria; September 22): André Sanine (IVAN KIROV) *and Haidi* (VIOLA ESSEN) *in Ben Hecht's film version of the famous ballet, which is woven into what is officially described as "a poignant love-story of exceptional emotional appeal."*

ostentatious screen revue, made, in imported Hollywood style, by a visiting Hollywood director, and overweighted, not by plot—for that is practically non-existent—but by the sort of pulchritudinous galumphings and grimacings that are considered so beneficial to the tired business man in the stalls.

"London Town," in the radiant words of its publicity "blurb," "brings to the screen for the first time the inimitable atmosphere of London life." This is so palpably

"Centennial Summer" (Tivoli and New Gallery.) Jesse Rogers (WALTER BRENNAN), *serious American of 1876, gets a new angle on life when he attends the French Ball with his gay sister-in-law Zenia* (CONSTANCE BENNETT; *l.*). *His patient wife Harriet* (DOROTHY GISH, *famous star of the silent films*) *comes too.*

a false claim that I shall not even trouble to bring evidence to controvert it. I can only say that the Londoner who goes to the film hoping to see the face of his own city will come away homesick and frustrated. What he will see is a number of elaborate studio sets, frequent bursts of galvanic spectacle, a few pleasing stretches of colour and animation, a covey of conscientious English girls sedulously groomed and translated into pseudo-American cuties, and—praise be—the magnificent Mr. Field. Metropolis Cosmopolis, but not London Town; oh, no! my blurbish innocents, not London.

SCOTLAND, LONDON
NOTABLE PEOPLE AND

In spite of heavy rain, T.M. the KING and QUEEN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH and PRINCESS MARGARET went to the Braemar Highland Gathering. The MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire (right), is with them in our snapshot.

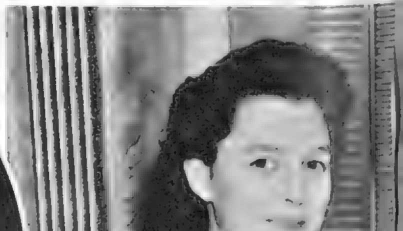
LORD GLENTANAR went to the Aboyne Games from Glen Tana accompanied by his only child, LADY JEAN COATS. MISS ZO D'ERLANGER is seated on his left hand.

The VICAR OF DENHAM christening HAYLEY KATHERINE ROSE-VIVIEN (held by MRS. STEWART GRANGER), daughter of MR. JOHN MILLS, actor and playwright (right), and MRS. MILLS (playwright Mary Hayley Bell). MISS VALERIE HOBSON is facing camera. Baby had made her film début in her father's new picture, "So Well Remembered."

The MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE, formerly Miss Anne Eustace Smith, with MRS. BLUNDEL BROWN and the MARQUESS OF KILDARE at the County Ball, Bryanston School, Blandford.

EMIR FEISAL OF SAUDI ARABIA arrived recently in London to attend the Palestine Conference. Here he is showing his son, PRINCE MAHOMET, a view of London from his hotel bedroom.

LADY CATHLEEN ELIOT, daughter of the late sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Scott-Douglas, is engaged to Mr. John Seyfried.



The COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE, formerly Mrs Hannay, is chairman of the Committee fo the Invalid Kitchens Ball on October 26

AND THE COUNTRYSIDE: EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY, LADY LEMINA GORDON, *the* MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN *and the* MARQUESS OF HUNTLY *with his heir, the* EARL OF ABOYNE, *at the Aboyne Games.*

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, VICOMTESSE DE THIESUSIES, H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, LADY ANDERSON *and* H.E. THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR *(Vicomte de Thiesusies) at the Covent Garden première of Italian opera.*

CAPTAIN WYNDHAM, MRS. HEATHCOAT-AMORY *and* MAJOR BRUCE CHAND *were guests at the County Ball at Bryanston School, Blandford, Dorset, in aid of the National Appeal for Boys' Clubs. It was a most successful gathering.*

JAMES MASON *appears to be on the wrong side of the camera this time. The object of his efforts is, no doubt, his wife, Pamela Kellino, and he's taking her from the top window of his house.*

MRS. "HEDDY" SIMPSON *(formerly Baroness Podmaniczky) with her baby* YVONNE GEORGINA SIMPSON. *She is the wife of Dr. S. L. Simpson.*

MRS. R. W. MOORE *is the wife of Mr. R. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow since 1942. She was Miss Elsie Barbara Tonks.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN LORD BRABOURNE, *Coldstream Guards, to the* HON. PATRICIA MOUNTBATTEN, *will take place in Romsey Abbey on October 26.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON ANTHONY.]

SPOTLIGHT SKATER.

This fine photograph by Dr. S. D. Jouhar, F.R.P.S., is on view at the Royal Photographic Society's 91st Annual Exhibition under the title " Skater at Richmond." This year the show is being held in the Science Museum, Exhibition Road, and Sir Henry Dale, O.M., G.B.E., etc., Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory, and Fullerian Professor of the Royal Institution, arranged to open it on September 14. The exhibits range over a wide field, illustrate the latest achievements of photography and show what a big part it plays in all modern human activities.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. S. D. JOUHAR, F.R.P.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED).

"FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE."

Macbeth's "Weird Sisters," brewing their infernal spells, provide an impressive subject for the modern camera artist. This picture by Mr. E. Heimann, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P., is on view at the 91st Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which was due to be opened on September 14 at the Science Museum by Sir Henry Dale, O.M., G.B.E., etc., and will continue until October 26. The Society now consists of various groups—pictorial, scientific, technical, colour, kinematographic, and so forth, to handle the different sections of Photographic Art.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HEIMANN, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

SWAN PRINCESSES BESIDE AN ENGLISH LAKE: STUDENT BALLERINAS' GARDEN PRACTISE.

Boating-party of coryphées *in spotless* tutus; *pupils of the Legat school of Russian Ballet pushing their punt into the lake.*

STUDENTS of the Legat School ... unique educations for English ... career as ballerinas, but they re... in culture. The school was institute... th... Theatres of Russia before he sett... his death, his widow, Mme. Nich... Lega... dancer, she has given her whole ... bal...

Bathing-party of student ballerinas; dancers in tutus *after a "Swan Lake" rehearsal, chat to a group of comrades in swimming kit.*

Yogi exercises help to insure the necessary ... here they are ...

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

Three little Swan Princesses; WENDY CANADINE, VERONICA FLINT and PAMELA FAWN hold a beautiful pose on the edge of the Warberry House lake.

...joy what must be one of the most liberal and ...ly do they learn to dance, and prepare for a ... on all general subjects, with an accent on ... Nicholas Legat, ballet master to the Imperial ... He trained many famous dancers, and since ... carried on the work. Herself a distinguished ... school recently moved to Warberry House,

[Continued above on right.

Continued.]

Kent. This lovely old mansion is a cultural centre for artists, and many former pupils return for refresher courses. When the weather permits, students have their lessons and practise out in the lovely grounds, and also study the Yogi exercises which are an important part of their training, as they help to insure perfect muscular control. Dressmaking is also included in the curriculum and students make their own ballet dresses. They give public performances as soon as they are proficient, and are paid for them, but the money is paid into their Post Office accounts and is held for them until they leave school. Students recently gave a series of ballets in the grounds of a neighbouring hotel, where there is a perfect open-air stage, and it is hoped to make this an annual event.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DALLISON.

...ss and flexibility of limbs for the young dancers; ...ng "Padmasana."

MAYA KOUMANI (standing) and WENDY CANADINE, two pupils of the Legat school, posed beside an English oak growing at the side of the lake.

BRITISH SCULPTOR AND DRAUGHTSMAN.

HENRY MOORE, Yorkshire-born sculptor and draughtsman, enjoys an international reputation, and his works add volume—and prestige—to British exports! He has been working hard on important sculpture for exhibition at his Leicester Galleries show, which is due to open on October 8, and a notable selection of his works will be shown in the New York Museum of Modern Art towards the end of the year. The Contemporary Art Society recently invited him to design a piece of sculpture for exhibition in a public place. Mr. Moore has been a Trustee of the Tate Gallery since 1941, and he is represented in the Tate, the Victoria and Albert, and in other important British museums and galleries. His Shelter Sketch Book—drawings made in the crowded London tubes during the height of the blitz, is famous, and so is his Northampton Madonna. He was born in 1898, served in the last two years of the 1914-18 war, and then began his studies at Leeds School of Art, but, to quote from "Who 's Who," "it was in the British Museum and the Natural History Museum that he gained his insight into the real nature and latent possibilities of the art of sculpture."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. J. GOODMAN.

HENRY MOORE *at the door of his house; a view from the studio, with a sculpture group in the foreground and the artist's coat hanging on a nail.*

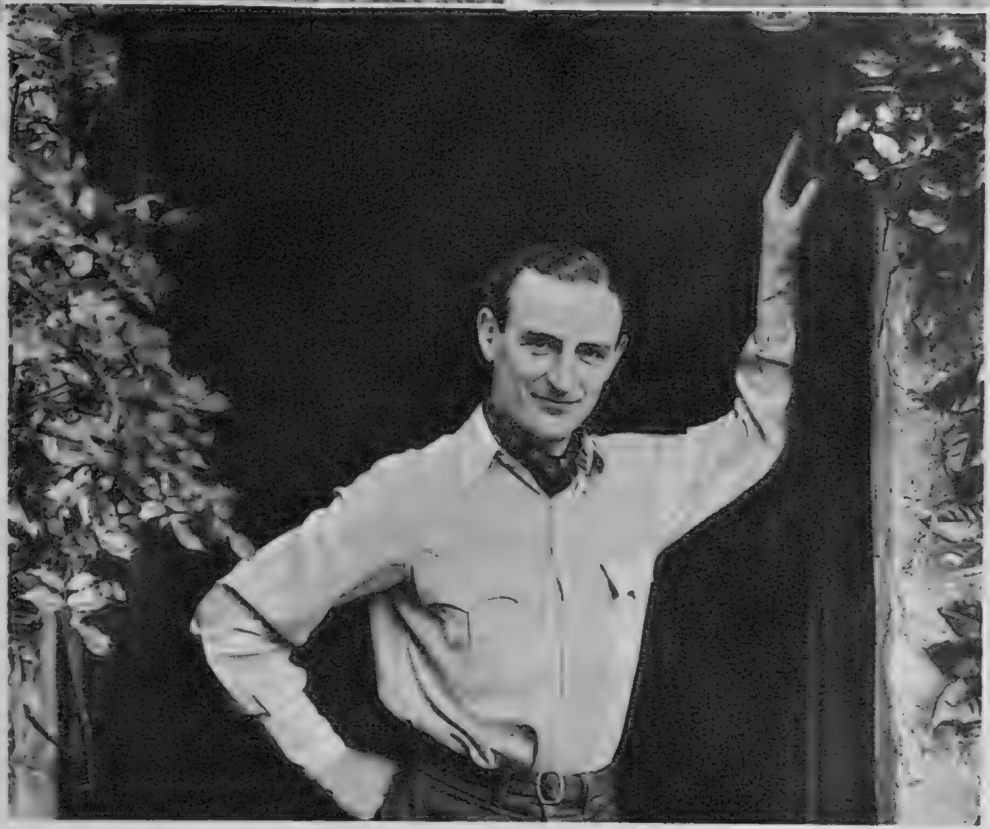
Shapes, shadows and the sculptor; a striking photograph taken in Mr. Henry Moore's studio in his Hertfordshire home.

MRS. HENRY MOORE—*an at-home portrait of the sculptor's charming Russian-born wife, formerly Irina Radetzky.*

The CARR FAMILY *on top of the world : a joyous snapshot of the King's new jockey with his wife and daughter.*

THE KING'S NEW JOCKEY.

W. H. CARR, north-country jockey who has just been appointed jockey to his Majesty the King, is thirty years of age, and so one of the younger school of riders, and can go to scale at 8 stone. He went to India in 1937 to ride for H.H. Captain the Maharajah of Cooch Behar and plans to return there in October.
[*Continued opposite.*



W. H. CARR, *who succeeds D. Smith as jockey to the King. He will ride those of his Majesty's horses trained at Newmarket.*

Pretty heavy going on a push-bike across the fields, so W. H. CARR *gives* ANNE *a helping hand.*

Continued.]
He will also be first jockey for Captain Boyd-Rochfort's stable at which the King's horses at Newmarket are trained, while those trained at Beckhampton will continue to be ridden by Gordon Richards. W. H. Carr celebrated the announcement of his new appointment by winning three races that day at Hamilton Park. Our photographs were taken at Mr. Carr's Yorkshire home and show him with his wife and daughter. Mrs. Carr was Miss Joan Groundwater, of Leyburn, Yorks, and is one of the best-dressed women to be seen racing. D. Smith, whom W. H. Carr succeeds, will be first jockey to Lord Derby next season.

W. H. CARR, *newly-appointed jockey to H.M. the King, with his daughter* ANNE *and his ten-year-old spaniel, Sam.*

Family card game : W. H. CARR *with* MRS. CARR *and little* ANNE *in the sitting-room of their Yorkshire home.*

CARY GRANT AS COLE PORTER.

Operation Romance in "Night and Day": Cole Porter (CARY GRANT) *meets Linda Lee* (ALEXIS SMITH) *for the first time at the Porter Christmas Party in Peru, Indiana, 1914.*

MONTY WOOLLEY *(himself), Linda, Gracie* (JANE WYMAN) *and Ward Blackburn* (DONALD WOODS) *read the tragic news of the sinking of the "Lusitania" announced on the occasion of Cole Porter's "See America First"* première.

Right: Cole Porter (CARY GRANT) *meets Linda Lee again on active service in the 1914-18 war. He has been wounded and when in hospital she revives his interest in music. They eventually marry.*

Cole Porter (CARY GRANT) *at the piano rehearsing Carole Hill* (GINNY SIMMS) *in one of his lyrics, "I Get a Kick Out of You," in an al fresco setting.*

MARY MARTIN, *one of the special artists in "Night and Day," sings one of Cole Porter's song hits, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The story of the film is based on Cole Porter's career.*

Cole Porter (CARY GRANT) *has had a bad riding accident and has to undergo operation after operation, but neither pain nor discomfort can keep him long from his piano.*

"NIGHT AND DAY" was due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday last, September 13. It's a *musicale* in Technicolor, featuring many of Cole Porter's most popular song-hits. The story is based on the composer's life, and illustrates his early struggles, his initial failure and final success.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

FRED ASTAIRE, for a long period of entertainment culminating in Berlin's "Blue Skies."

"*A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody*": FRED ASTAIRE *and* JOAN CAULFIELD *as Jed and Mary.*

"*Heat Wave*": FRED ASTAIRE *as Jed and* OLGA SAN JUAN *as Nita Nova. Fred does a sensational fall down these stairs.*

"*A Couple of Song and Dance Men*": FRED ASTAIRE *and* BING CROSBY *in one of the twenty-eight Berlin numbers of the film.*

A rare picture—FRED ASTAIRE *is static for a moment—with* OLGA SAN JUAN *in* "*Heat Wave.*"

FRED ASTAIRE has announced that his appearance in Irving Berlin's "musical gigantic," "BLUE SKIES," will be his film swan-song, his very last appearance on the screen. It's a sad thought that he will do no more exciting dance routines for us, but in the meantime "BLUE SKIES" is a "musical gigantic" likely to delight us for some time. It is having a gala *première* at the Carlton Theatre on September 26, when all profits will be devoted to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund and Musicians' Social and Benevolent Council. Irving Berlin is taking an active interest in this [*Continued above.*

Continued.] *première* and attended the first committee meeting arranged by the chairman, Baroness Ravensdale. A total of twenty-eight Berlin tunes are included in this Paramount picture which cost three million dollars, and they provide a musical cavalcade from 1919 to the present day. Fred Astaire has had a screen career of twelve years' unbroken success, and has appeared in twenty pictures and composed 100 dance routines. With Ginger Rogers he gave the screen its most famous dance team, and "Blue Skies" is his second appearance with Bing Crosby, for they were previously in another Berlin musical, "Holiday Inn." His theatrical career is considerably longer than his picture one, for he made his first stage appearance forty-one years ago, at the age of five!

High on a Hollywood studio roof, FRED, *looking very nautical, runs through a dance routine from Berlin's "musical gigantic" which is having its gala* première *at the Carlton Theatre on September 26.*

PLEASURE CRUISE COMEDY: "CLUTTERBUCK."

Mute—but not inglorious: Clutterbuck (GORDON BELL) *strolls along observed by Deborah* (PATRICIA BURKE), *but not by Jane* (CONSTANCE CUMMINGS), *Arthur* (BASIL RADFORD) *or Julian* (NAUNTON WAYNE) *(l. to r.).*

"And what does your husband like you to represent, Mrs. Clutterbuck? An artistic slut or an American débutante?" Deborah, Arthur, Melissa (LALAGE LEWIS), *and Julian.*

"Look at that little boat out there. Isn't it pretty?" Deborah Pomfret and Jane Pugh, young wives who have each had a romance with Clutterbuck.

"CLUTTERBUCK" is the gayest and lightest of Benn Levy comedies. It is set on a liner during a pleasure cruise which is not perhaps the happiest of voyages, since matrimonial difficulties and deceptions beset the paths of all six pleasure-cruisers, the Pomfrets, the Pughs and the Clutterbucks. Clutterbuck himself, who gives his name to the play, is apparently irresistible to all young women. Jane Pugh and Deborah Pomfret have each had an affaire with him, and he has now married a ravishing young woman (formerly the girl friend of both Pugh and Pomfret)—but this conquering hero never speaks and is only seen three times, when he strolls across the stage. He is, however, the "onlie begetter" of the marital troubles of his fellow-cruisers, and very good fun they provide at Wyndham's Theatre.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

Right: "Cheers!": BASIL RADFORD *and* NAUNTON WAYNE *as Arthur Pomfret and Julian Pugh, deceived and deceiving husbands who meet on a pleasure cruise.*

BEAUTIFUL COLORATURA, BEAUTIFULLY CRINOLINED.

MARGHERITA CAROSIO, *Italy's leading coloratura soprano, in her third-act costume for "La Traviata" at Covent Garden.*

Carosio in her second-act costume for "La Traviata," a beautiful white dress with green spots, perfectly in the period.

Carosio as Violetta, in "La Traviata" in the splendour of her first-act ball dress.

MME. MARGHERITA CAROSIO, of the C.M.F. San Carlo Opera Company, now enjoying a successful season at Covent Garden, is Italy's leading coloratura singer, and is a first-class artist with a beautiful voice and great personal charm. She is singing the leading rôles in "La Traviata" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," at Covent Garden, and as Violetta in "La Traviata" she wears the most beautiful crinoline dresses, perfectly in the period, with the correct jewellery and coiffure of the time when the opera is set—in the Second Empire. Mme. Carosio was born in Genoa and studied at the Licei Paganini. After singing for a short time in small theatres she was signed up by the Scala of Milan, where she has sung for eight seasons running. She has appeared in all the greatest theatres in Italy and overseas, Belgium, Holland, France, Greece, Bulgaria, Germany and Argentina, but had never, until the opening of this Covent Garden season, appeared in London.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY P. A.-REUTER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE latest instalment of the Hornblower saga gives Mr. Forester a full opportunity to display his peculiar talent for describing battles by sea and land. A special service for the Knights of the Bath in Westminster Abbey is hardly over before Sir Horatio is given a new assignment: to suppress a mutiny. The crew of the *Flame*, an eighteen-gun brig, have mutinied and are holding their captain and officers as hostages. They send a message to the Lords of the Admiralty demanding that Lieutenant Chadwick be tried for cruelty; they are lying off Le Havre, and if they are attacked will slip into the Seine estuary and give themselves up to the French.

His mission is made more difficult for Hornblower by the fact that he has a good deal of sympathy with the rebels; but orders are orders, and mutiny is mutiny, so he sets out in the *Porta Coeli* to quell the outbreak. He does so; more than that, he succeeds by a stratagem in "liberating" Le Havre. The Napoleonic War has reached its penultimate phase; Bonaparte is in full retreat, with the Germans and Russians at his heels. The Duke of Angoulême arrives, a true Bourbon who has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing; his beautiful Duchess joins him, bringing with her, to Hornblower's astonishment and the reader's, Lady Barbara, Hornblower's wife.

A Complex Character. After the fighting comes peace, with its obligatory parties and receptions. Hornblower finds them tedious. He is not, Mr. Forester tells us, a born fighting man; and though one may feel tempted to doubt this, he has certain qualities, notably a tendency to acute self-reproach, which one would not naturally associate with a highly successful naval commander. Mr. Forester analyses his character carefully, laying emphasis on the bursts of ill-temper and irritability, followed by fits of penitence. A very strict disciplinarian, he does not enjoy enforcing discipline. He pines for companionship and comfort, but when these are provided, they often irritate him. There is a conflict in his nature. In action, he longs for Barbara; but when he is invited to go on a diplomatic mission to Vienna, he refuses. There is a coldness between them, and she goes without him.

Mr. Forester's characterisation is always plausible because he is a first-rate writer and knows how to put his case; but I do not think it is quite convincing, nor does he succeed in making us feel that Hornblower and his wife really cared for each other. But he wants to give us some more fighting, and a love-affair; so while Lady Hornblower is queening it in Vienna, her spouse, now for his services raised to the peerage, darts off to France to join his ex-mistress. But the Hundred Days has begun. Fighting breaks out and Hornblower finds himself, and his friends, in the tightest corner he has ever known.

We are scarcely prepared for the tragedy that follows and feel that Marie has been sacrificed, not only to the cause of Free France, but also to the exigencies of Mr. Forester's plot. Lord Hornblower must be saved, not only from death, but from an intrigue injurious to his reputation. This final episode is extremely exciting, but it is an excrescence on the construction of the book, and in a sense does Hornblower little credit. Nelson, from whom, I suspect, Mr. Forester borrows occasionally for Hornblower's portrait, was subject to little vagaries; but then, Nelson was Nelson.

Two Cultures in Canada. "Two Solitudes" is a novel based on an unusual but rewarding theme, the relationship between those Canadians that are of English and those that are of French descent. A French-Canadian village on the St. Lawrence is the setting, and the action, which begins in 1917, covers the period between the two World Wars. Athanase Tallard is the most important layman in the village; Father Emile Beaubien its devoted parish priest. There are conflicts within conflicts. The French are not enthusiastic about the war; they regard it as the concern of English capitalists and bankers. But among themselves they have disagreements. Tallard introduces into the village two "foreigners" (one with an English, the other with a Scottish name), who are interested in putting up a factory. Father Beaubien regards industrialisation as the Devil, and here he falls foul of his chief parishioner, Tallard. Tallard leaves the Church, is cut or cold-shouldered by all his old friends; nor, until the day of his death, does he recover his peace of mind.

The Younger Generation. Meanwhile, the younger generation are succeeding to the private and public feuds of their fathers. Marius, Tallard's son by his first wife, tries to avoid military service, lives as a fugitive, and is at last ignominiously arrested. But he fades from the scene, and his half-brother, Paul—like him, a rebel, but a more intelligent and, on the whole, a more effective one—becomes the representative of French culture in the troubled 1930's. But Paul is not a typical French-Canadian. He is everything by turns and nothing long: a professional ice-hockey player, a student who pays for his tuition by doing the most menial jobs, and by ambition and intention, a writer. He enjoys being a rolling-stone. With him is contrasted and compared Heather Methuen, a girl with the background of one of English Canada's oldest families; her bridge-playing mother is rich, snobbish, conventional and materialistic. Paul and Heather are drawn to each other, and we see, in that mutual attraction, the potentiality for union in the two cultures from which they spring. Each is a "solitude," Paul in his way no less than Heather; now they "protect, and touch, and greet each other"—which, so Rilke says, is love.

Mr. Hugh MacLennan has written a very long, full, slow-moving book, a sincere and patient commentary on two decades of Canadian social history. Indeed, on more than two decades; for we are aware of the roots of the present going back into the remote past. It is a book that excites admiration by the richness of its texture, its fastidious avoidance of spurious and cheap effects, the care it gives both to boldness of outline and truth of detail. It is a book of which the author may well be proud. Its limitation is, I think, that it is too carefully considered: drama and narrative, which supply fiction with its motive power, are here a little insufficient for the tremendous weight of implied social criticism. The individual does not get enough elbow-room.

Crabbed Age and Youth. This criticism cannot be brought against "The Unwary," for Mr. McGraw's characters, whatever else they have to contend with, are not frustrated by a bi-national social background; nor do they for a moment cease to exhibit their personalities in the strongest light they can find. Even George Baldock and his wife, parents to the opera-struck Maureen, cannot be confined in those bands of middle-aged dullness which, to begin with at any rate, Mr. McGraw seeks to impose on them. Dull they seemed to the dashing Raymond Kendall, who had been a friend of George's youth, and thoroughly bored he was to meet them again; but their sixteen-year-old daughter bowled him over.

The men who beat the Air Speed Record in Gloster Meteor IV. jet-propelled fighters—GROUP CAPTAIN E. M. DONALDSON, D.S.O., A.F.C. *(second from left), and* SQUADRON LEADER W. A. WATERTON, A.F.C. *(second from right), are hearing from* AIR MARSHAL SIR JAMES ROBB, *C.-in-C., Fighter Command, exactly how fast they went! He is reading out the official lap times to the members of the High Speed Group at Tangmere. On September 7, in conditions which were far from ideal, Group Captain Donaldson averaged 616 m.p.h. and Squadron Leader Waterton 614 m.p.h.*

Kendall was an amorist of much experience; indeed, his secretary had only just decided that she must cease to be his mistress and find a richer and more permanent protector. Maureen, therefore, caught him on the rebound. Kendall felt as sorry for her as the reader does; like many libertines, he had his code, and cradle-snatching was not included in it. After a severe scolding from George for keeping her out too late one night, he asked for her hand. Then he went abroad for a time, thinking how sorely she would miss him. But he had reckoned without several factors, one of which was Maureen's success in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Pinafore," and the other, her youth; and when he came back, things did not turn out as he expected.

Mr. McGraw has put into this very lively, well-written comedy of manners a good deal more feeling than seemed likely at the start; and he keeps a surprise up his sleeve, for our sympathies, that seemed earmarked for one character, are required for another. Sophistication, man-of-the-worldliness, and the bright, facetious dialogue that sometimes goes with those qualities, he has at his finger-tips. But his gift is not bounded by artificiality; and there is genuine pathos in his treatment of this particular collision between experience and youth.

Miss Martin. Ever since Charles Reade wrote "Hard Cash," homes for the mentally unfit have been objects of suspicion. And rightly so, for no section of the community has more difficulty in making itself heard. Mr. Gilbert does not set us to guess the identity of his criminals; he makes their methods furnish his plot, and for chief interest he offers us Miss Martin, an old lady without friends, money or influence, who accidentally becomes possessed of a dangerous secret. Her heroic struggles against unbelief, misunderstanding, the tricks of fate and the wiles of crime make a veritable saga. Miss Martin is not cast in the heroic mould, but she haunts our memory and gives "The Spinster's Secret" a significance that most detective-stories do not possess.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Lord Hornblower. By C. S. Forester. (*Michael Joseph*; 9s. 6d.)
Two Solitudes. By Hugh MacLennan. (*Cresset Press*; 10s. 6d.)
The Unwary. By Hugh P. McGraw. (*Michael Joseph*; 8s. 6d.)
The Spinster's Secret. By Anthony Gilbert. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

Pin-up Girl: No. 61. Susan Hayward

Svelte young SUSAN HAYWARD'S *beauty and talents garnish the Universal Technicolor picture of pioneer life, " Canyon Passage," which has finished shooting and is due very shortly in London. Here she is as a 1946 bathing girl in a costume quite different from those which she wears in " Canyon Passage," for the picture is set in Oregon in the year 1856 in the wild and woolly West.*

LADY · HELP *

By SYBIL DOBIE.

MRS. STANLEY-TOMPKINS (one must never forget the Stanley) was clearing away the remains of her frugal supper when the bell rang. Hastily she thrust the tray and her apron into the kitchen and shut the door. She gave a glance round her sitting-room, lit the gas-fire, turned on two more lights, pulled the photograph of the late Rev. Ignatius Stanley-Tompkins into a more prominent position, and opened the door. A middle-aged man was standing outside.

"Good-evening," he said. "That idiot porter has left one of your letters on me again, so I 've brought it up to you."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins. "Fraser seems unable to distinguish between Thompson and Stanley-Tompkins."

"The man 's an idiot," boomed Mr. Thompson, and stumped down to his own flat, the best and most expensive in the block.

Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins returned to her sitting-room, turned off her fire and the extra lights, and examined her letter. It was from her bank, and was far from cheerful reading. It is doubtful if the bank statement of a clergyman's widow, living on a tiny income derived from a few dwindling investments, is ever very exhilarating.

On the following Monday Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins saw an elderly man studying the numbers on the doors. He straightened himself and said:

"Excuse me, can you tell me which is Mr. Thompson's flat?"

"That 's it," said Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins, indicating the door, "but he won't be there now. He is out all day."

"Oh, I know," said the visitor, "but I 've wrote him a letter. My wife 's Mrs. Potter, who 's been obliging for Mr. Thompson," he said. "But, pore thing, she come over queer last night, so I come round to tell Mr. Thompson that she won't be coming."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins. "How distressing. I do hope she will soon be better."

"Doctor says she won't never be able to work again," said Mr. Potter. "I 've wrote it all in the letter."

He was just turning away, when he stopped. "What do you think I ought to do about the key? Mr. Thompson always leaves it under the mat for her. I suppose I 'd better just leave it there, hadn't I?"

Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins thought a minute. "I think you had," she said at last. "It may be Mr. Thompson's only one. If you drop it in the letter-box, he mightn't be able to get in."

"That 's what I thought," said Mr. Potter. "Good-bye, Madam."

Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins stood looking at the door of the flat, her mind, perhaps unreasonably, more engrossed with the troubles of Mr. Thompson than of his handmaiden. Poor man, he would arrive back to-night, probably tired, and find the flat dirty and untidy, with nothing cooked. She wondered if there were much to be done. Suddenly daring, she pushed back the mat, found the key and entered.

There was plenty to be done. Breakfast things were all over the table and supper things piled in the sink. The bed was unmade and the ashes of a fire in the sitting-room grate.

In the kitchen was a slate on which was written: "Two extra to supper. Leave ready, soup, steak and kidney pie, cold potatoes, baked apples and custard." Beside the slate lay money.

Almost without intending to do so, Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins found herself washing up, her mind suffused with pity at the thought of the influential Mr. Thompson arriving home, probably with his guests, to find no supper ready.

The solution was, of course, inevitable from the beginning. Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins soon found herself in the High Street making a number of shrewd purchases. She was a good cook, and the custard was soon made, the pie and apples baking in the oven. She then tidied and cleaned the flat.

Just as she was leaving she saw Mr. Potter's note. Explanations had better wait till the next day. She extracted the note, put it in her bag, banged the door and returned the key to its hiding-place.

Explanations, however, were more difficult than Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins had anticipated. It was not easy to contact Mr. Thompson. She did not like to intrude upon him before he left in the morning, and on Tuesday and Wednesday he was out for supper, according to the message on the slate. On Thursday he had another guest. On Friday her sister-in-law dropped in on her.

Having been unable, therefore, to explain matters, she felt obliged each day to carry on her rôle as Mrs. Potter Number Two. And each time she enjoyed it more, her home-making gifts, long atrophied by poverty and loneliness, reviving daily.

But on Saturday morning on the table were not only money and instructions for the week-end shopping, but also a slip of paper on which was written: "Payment, 36s." The money was underneath.

She stared as if she had seen a snake, for she had never thought of payment. Yet clearly she had earned the money.

But what would dear Ignatius have said? He had had very rigid ideas about his wife's position in life—though he had failed to implement them by a cash provision. He would not have liked this, but she put the money firmly into her bag. Her demeanour as she walked about the kitchen was positively bold. She had found a niche in industry. She could earn money.

For several weeks she continued her labours and received what she called in her own mind a salary. She found the housekeeping allowance so lavish that it was clear that Mrs. Potter must have been making a profit out of her catering. Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins engaged in no such practices, but she enjoyed being able to buy the best materials, using them without stint and producing excellent results. Even then she returned a surplus of money.

One morning, however, when she was making a cake, she heard a key turn in the outer door, and a man's step in the hall. Transfixed with horror, she remained unable to move.

The kitchen-door was flung open, and in walked Fraser, the porter, carrying a parcel. He stopped at seeing Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins.

"Oh, good-morning, Fraser," said the lady nervously.

"Good-morning—Madam," said Fraser with a world of meaning in his voice and obviously waiting for an explanation.

Though it was quite reasonable that the porter, who had a master-key to all the flats and frequently delivered parcels, should enter during the owner's absence, such a possibility had not occurred to Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins. Her mind went blank. "How are you?" she babbled.

Fraser continued to stare aggressively. She lost her head.

"Mr. Thompson asked me to come in this morning," she said wildly, "and—er—arrange some flowers for him."

One of the first rules to be observed by the aspiring liar is to tell a lie that has some chance of being believed. This had none. There were no flowers or vases to be seen and she was cooking.

Fraser's smile was peculiarly unpleasing.

"Indeed," he said. "I am sorry to have interrupted your—er—flower-arranging."

Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins gulped, but could think of no reply.

Fraser deposited the parcel he was holding.

"Perhaps you would care to take charge of this," he suggested blandly. "I brought it into the kitchen because it appears to be fruit. I will leave it and"—with emphasis—"will tell Mr. Thompson I have done so."

There was no mistaking the implication, and as Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins stared at his retreating back, she blushed an unbecoming brick-red. Then she finished the rest of her work, every line of her face and figure a study in dejection.

She passed that evening in her flat with all the joviality of a criminal listening for the execution squad. Every moment she expected to hear Mr. Thompson's ring at the bell, but it never came.

In the morning no word had come. Not knowing whether Fraser had, after all, kept silence, and not wishing to let Mr. Thompson down, she went to the flat as usual.

She went into the dining-room first and loaded the breakfast things on to a trolley. With some rattling of china she pushed it towards the kitchen, but just as she reached it, the door was opened for her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins," said Mr. Thompson. "Can I help you with the trolley? It is difficult over the mat."

But he had to pull it in alone, for Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins seemed unable to stir.

"The kettle 's just boiling," said Mr. Thompson cheerfully. "Come in and have a cup of tea, and tell me what all this is about. Fraser produced some garbled story, but the man 's half-witted, so I stayed at home to-day, and thought you 'd help me get it clear."

It was at this moment that the kettle boiled over. Instinctively Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins ran to turn out the gas and fetch a cloth, and soon she had made the tea and poured out two cups without thinking.

Then, sitting in the tiny kitchen, shyly sipping tea, she acted with the greatest possible wisdom. She told Mr. Thompson the truth, with neither affectation nor prevarication.

At the end of the recital he looked puzzled.

"But, Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins," he said. "It was more than kind of you to take pity on me, only I wish you had told me. Why are you so distressed?"

It seemed difficult to explain all Ignatius' prejudices, and her own, and Fraser's suspicions, but she tried, unintentionally revealing as she did so, depths of poverty of which Mr. Thompson had little conception.

At the end he gave her an encouraging smile. "If you would be so kind as to keep the job on, I will be most grateful."

"If you don't want to, however," he continued, "just say so, and I will try and find another Mrs. Potter. I 'm sure she won't make things as comfortable as you have—but it will do."

Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins gasped. To find someone positively soliciting her services was a new experience.

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson," she said. "If you would really like me to continue, I will be very glad to do so."

Then, seeing another lion in the path, she added:

"But Fraser. What will he think?"

"Fraser!" snorted Mr. Thompson. "I doubt if he can think at all. But we needn't tell him anything, and if he gets fresh, let me know. *I 'll* settle him."

There was no doubt that the most influential tenant of Cromer Mansions had no fear of its porter. Mrs. Stanley-Tompkins gazed at her employer with admiration.

And Mr. Thompson, seeing this patent admiration, flung out his chest and smirked self-consciously. Then, catching her eye, the smirk changed to a shy, almost boyish, smile. She smiled back. And suddenly they both looked much younger.

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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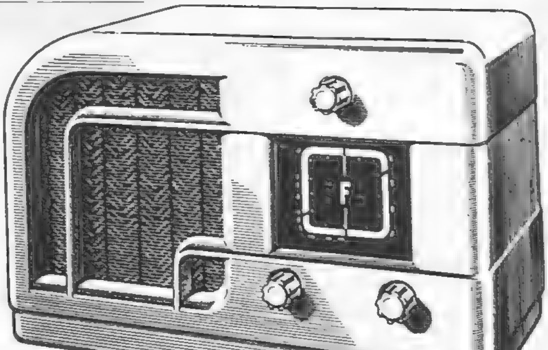

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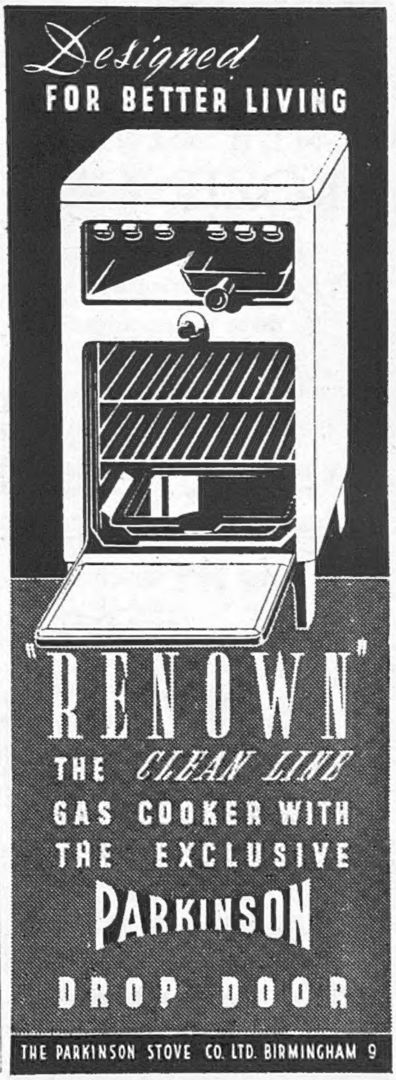

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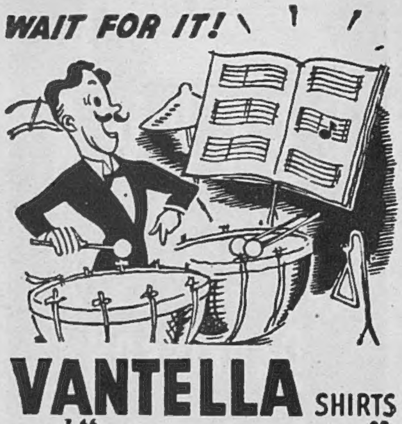

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